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for the fifth issue in the 27th Volume of the Omen on November the 10th in 2006, the year of our Lord.

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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, FedEx, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

I don't know what 'chivalrous' means. It probably means faggot!
- Keegan Kuvach, on Chivalry

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www.omen.hampshire.edu

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EDITORIAL

Superfun Adventure Contest!

THE OMEN SUPERFUN AWESOME ADVENTURE CONTEST (THE RULES FOLLOW THUSLY)

1. Just when you thought everything was going fine and predictably, it wasn't.
2. Just when you thought life had settled down into a boring old routine, it hadn't.
3. Just when you thought you were going to give up and have another boring old break, you didn't.
4. Adventure struck in one of it's many wild and varied forms. Whether it was a wild jackalope that ran through your living room or a path found that was long thought lost, with nary a thought about it, you packed all the essentials: Toothpaste, towel, and change of underwear, and took to the chase.
5. Of course you kept a travel log. Not to would be silly.
6. When you got home (or wherever your final destination was), you wrote down everything you remembered. You polished it up and down and it's good enough to be the next American Novel (or short story or poem or whatever).
7. Not knowing what else to do with this thrilling masterpiece, obviously you submitted it to:
THE OMEN SUPERFUN AWESOME ADVENTURE CONTEST
8. Because your adventure was above and beyond the best adventure in the world and when we read your manuscript, it was almost as if it came alive in the vein of Jumanji (though we didn't appreciate the flash flood too much). Whether it was truth or fiction, your winning manuscript won a prize. To be determined.



POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar) you must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HARK

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



To all Involved in the Effigy Burning of Jacob Lefton

[by Nicole McClure]

It is true that the Omen was once a different kind of publication, and many of you may be upset about the changes Jacob has made as editor. While I may disagree with your frustrations, they are yours, and you have a right to them. However, to address them in such a personal attack on Jacob, to bring them up in this cruel and childish manner, completely invalidates your concerns. I understand that the omen presents its articles in just such a jokingly bitter fashion, and this affect may be exactly what causes your distaste for it. Yet if this is the case, than there is no reason to mimic that in your own personal assault on the magazines editor.

If changes in the Omen's approach to journalism are necessary, then there are positive ways to go about making them. You could apply to work for the Omen, and make a difference with your own work and creativity. You could simply write to the editors and request that changes be made, with out formulating that request as an attack, but instead as constructive criticism. Weather or not the Omen staff would have been open to your frustrations if they had been presented in a kind and straightforward way is unknown. But you can be sure it will be difficult to speak to them now.

I would like anyone involved in this conflict, as editor or reader, to take a moment today. Take a moment

alone, close your eyes, and imagine how a personal attack such as this would feel if it were directed at you. Imagine how hard it would be to know how to respond, how angry you might become, and all the mistakes you might make in that anger.

When we put hate into the world, when we smother our communities in our own insecurities, we only breed a hateful and insecure world for ourselves to live in. Hate begets hate. Anger begets anger. I am certain we have all wished to be free from a society that festers in these, the ugliest aspects of human nature. I don't need this, you don't need this, no one does.

One of you signed your letter "Gandhi", while I can appreciate the irony of this, I would still like to remind you of Gandhi's words, "Be the change you want to see in the world." If what you want is a less pretentious or snide publication, then do not feed into the anger of that with your own. Instead be productive, get out there and make your own magazine. I'm sure we'd all be happy to read it.

-Nicole McClure



SECTION HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.



On the Matter of Equality

[by Chris Semples]

whose bags appear to be rather heavy for her.

This one is very similar to situation 1, however it warrants a different approach. Whereas situation 1 is an active interaction between those of the male and female persuasion, in this situation the interaction is one rooted in passivity. Do not be fooled. It is important to actively counter any passive cries for help too. I suggest using a technique that's been employed to motivate young men in gym classes across the country. Name calling. Suggestions include: calling her a "weakling", "little baby", or "gay"*. Perhaps you might try mimicking her stagger too. Slowly but surely, over the course of a generation, this will teach them that we men like our women like we like our coffee. Strong.

3) While in the company of a woman, you find that she is shivering for lack of a coat.

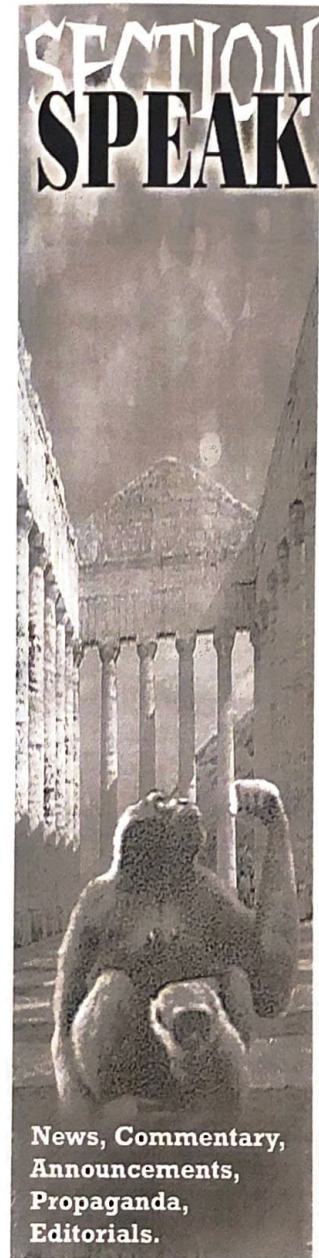
Before: A man would offer the coat off his back so the woman could be warm. Now: Never again. For a long time one of the goals of the masculine agenda has been to foster a certain way of thinking in women, one that teaches them to rely on men as providers. It is our duty, as men of the modern age, to help free women from this male-reliant perspective. Instead of offering up your coat, offer up constructive criticism. Remark how warm and comfy it is when one has a snug jacket wrapped around their person. Remind her that in the future, maybe she shouldn't forget to grab her own coat when going out for the evening in nippy weather. Teach her the importance of thought.

We live in modern times, yes we do, and as such we (and when I say "we" I mean "we men") must learn that women need to be treated as equals. Now for some of you out there, I realize this might be hard. I'm sure you're thinking to yourself right now, "What do you mean? They can vote, can't they? Shoo'." Believe me, you may not have thought about it, but there are a lot of things you're probably doing in everyday life that hinder the feminist movement, things that create a more empowered male and a less empowered female. To start you on your journey of enlightenment, I've decided to provide you with some common, everyday situations and their practical solutions.

1) A woman asks you to remove a jar lid that's on too tight for the likes of her.

Most women can, in fact, open a jar themselves. It is important to recognize that helping a woman to open a jar only reinforces the morally corrupt social system in which women are led to believe that submissiveness is equal to loveliness. Next time, instead of just opening the jar, take the opportunity to teach her that, in the future, she should try opening it herself first before finding a "man" to do it. I suggest smashing the container on the ground and then screaming, "There! Now no one gets pickles, you stupid idiot! Maybe next time grow some fucking muscles and open it yourself!" If that isn't a motivational tornado, well, I don't know what is.

2) You come across a woman



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

4) (The issue of holding doors for women)

If you find yourself in a situation where you're walking through a doorway and woman happens to be close behind, make as if you're going to hold the door open for her, and then, right as she's about to reach the door, pull it closed really quickly, effectively slamming it in

her face. The purpose here is two-fold. First, it reminds women that we live in modern times and not the sexist heyday of yesteryear. Second, it teaches women that if they ever wish to bust open the doors between their club and the men's club, learning how to open the *physical* doors that lie between location and destination is a crucial first step.

* It should be noted that, as of this printing, recent studies have indicated that being attracted to those of the same gender may not necessarily be indicative of physical weakness.

-Chris Semple



Poetry Corner

Mr. Spencer

From around the corner came
A man on a dirty old bicycle
Moving much too smoothly.
We knew then that he had been
making the
Cat-noises
We had to get away.

The man's face was twisted and
howling
There wasn't anything good about
him.

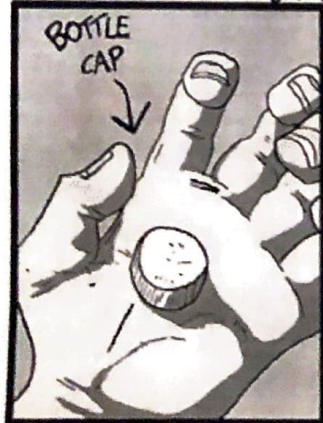
My sister could run but
I was never as fast
And couldn't beat that
Old silver bicycle.

The howling man ran over me,
And my parents thought I was dead.

I didn't feel dead,
But I guess I was.



NATE VS. THE DUMBEST THING I'VE EVER DONE (THIS WEEK)

Things that can
make you realize you
no longer live in a
tropical island:

[by Akira Céspedes Pérez]

- You look out your room's window and the view is always different... the trees have "image issues", so they all change their "look" everyday.
- You can no longer feel your cheeks and chin when you're outside for more than 20 minutes.
- The grass sparkles as if it had diamonds, you run towards it to grab a bit of the loot and then discover it's actually frozen water.
- You were two shirts or more... at the same time...
- Cars have frost, frost as in real ice crystals, ice crystal as in almost snow.
- Your nose bleeds just because it feels like it.
- You get happy when the temperature is above 60°F because "it's warm."
- You get out of work at 4:30pm, and it's already dark.
- You turn your clock backwards for the first time and realize your family now lives one hour in the future.
- You try to understand the concept of "time change" is not the same as "time travel".
- Instead of looking for shadows to keep cool, you avoid them to keep warm.
- You understand the reason why leaves fall off trees when it gets cold: less shadow = less cold.
- You go back home and complain about the hot weather, even though you've lived in tropical weather for more than 17 years.

The Omen's pitifully
small course guide for
Spring 2007:

SCIENCE!!!!!!1

NS/HACU ∞ + 1

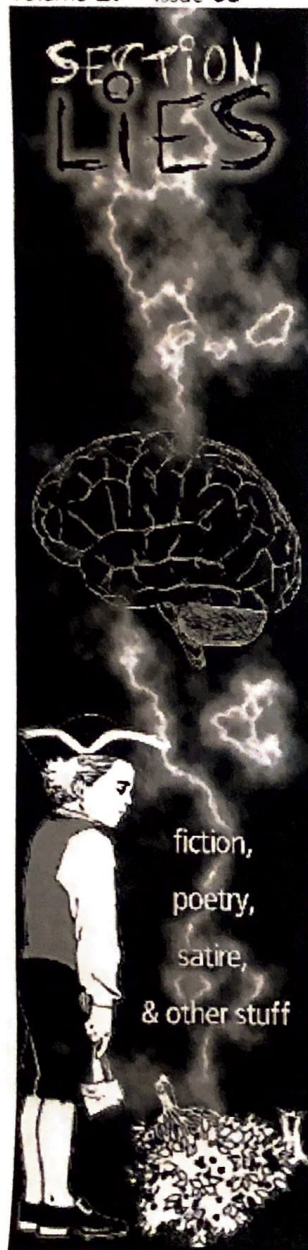
Taught by Tom Hirst and Abby Ohlheiser

Science has long been limited by facts, however, it has recently been discovered that imagination could play a large role in our experimental design and results. In this course, students will learn the vast amounts of discoveries that can be made when normal science is bashed upside the head with imagination to create SCIENCE!!!!!!1. This newly developing field will bring the old science you know to a new level, as it will no longer be limited by past, results, reproducibility, or simple physics. Lab will be required, as students will need to discuss the theory of our experiments. Labs will include: Turning Agarose Gels into Buckets, Extracting Souls for Use as a New Energy Source, Discovering Why Hampshire Waste Money on Trivial Andy Warhol Art Fuck Films that Cost \$5,000 When They Could be Fixing Your Heat, and many others. No Prerequisites required, but please be well versed in BS.

Immortality of the Soul, Meaning of Life (stuff like that)
IA 343

You're almost out of college, so if you haven't figured this shit out by now, you'd better take this class.





An Open Letter to Myself

Dear Victoria,

We need to talk. As you may or may not be aware, this evening an impassioned woman came to our room while we were doing homework and she wanted to talk. If I recall correctly, you were surprised because you had expected it to be either Enrique, or one of your roommate's friends seeking her out. You were wrong, and you realized this as you saw the most recent issue of *The Omen* in her hands and as she told us she wanted to talk about something we had written. You immediately assumed it was something trivial, like why women shouldn't be allowed to vote. Which, of course, is ironic because we are STILL frustrated about the fact that we were unable to vote since our absentee ballot didn't get here in time...in fact, have you checked the mail since then? I wonder if it has arrived... In any case, you were wrong. The woman (let's call her Ribbon, because that's what you're fiddling with and you didn't ask her if it was okay to publish her name) wanted to talk to us about our personal ads, and to express her disappointment that something as offensive as that would be published. You explained to her how we came up with the idea, and how after reading the "X-Treme" personals in *The Advocate*, you couldn't help but laugh. ("Loafer Lover"? "Unload on my face"? Are these people serious? So we thought, "Heh, wouldn't it be funny to make up some for *The Omen*?" Of course, this would be a challenge

because *The Advocate*'s were already pushing the envelope, and we'd really have to work to satirize something that already seemed like satire. Periodically through the week, we would be reminded of social taboos, and what better way to poke fun at them than to do so through a human truth: sex? This idea just snowballed as people suggested taglines. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's get back to Ribbon, who's sitting on the computer chair, obviously angry/offended/upset with us.

So now this is an incredibly unusual situation, in which you have to take responsibility for our actions which involves (for lack of a better word) defending something neither of us agrees with or believes in. Plus, you're not even 100% sure which ones she's really upset by because we haven't gotten a copy of *The Omen* yet (and man, I can't wait to see Nate's cartoon. Why can't you draw well? I diverge, sorry.) How does one effectively explain one's mind? You've never met Ribbon before, nor she you, and it's becoming increasingly clear that all she knows of us is from what we've written. Don't cringe, we can't get out of this or undo it. Unfortunately, we learned in *Judgments and Decisions* that first impressions create a schema that is often extremely hard, if not impossible, to overcome, so we're not working with much here. From her point of view, we are a cold-hearted

bigot with no tact who should probably be either shot or never allowed to speak or write again. Right. We're in a bit of a quandary because we agree with her and know what she means and is saying, but you're not sure how to let her in here, how to let her know that we do know that HIV, the Holocaust, and rape are serious matters. We know that sometimes things just need to be joked about (our presidential administration, for example) because there's nothing we can do about it. You and I can't stop the spread of disease (besides staying substance free and abstinent) or other people's past or present actions. However, we obviously didn't pause to consider the group of people that would take this seriously. I believed that by being so over-the-top, people would naturally see that we're not serious and that we're simply playing with satire. And of course, you're frequently far less eloquent than you should be when you need to be; consequently you're not sure that Ribbon left the conversation with any better an understanding of our real views.

Ah, the reality check, where Ribbon explains that she speaks not only on her own behalf, but also in reflection of the opinions of many others. Here it comes, that enormous, darkly dreadful surprised that people you don't even know think you're a genuinely sick, twisted, person. And oh, how clearly it looms. I'm really proud of you so far though, you've been really open and honest with her. Plus, she's the one bold enough to tell us to our face that our actions are unacceptable. You should probably humble yourself. But no, because then we're going to

be digging ourselves a ditch. See, the point of the articles is, technically, to offend, to push the envelope, to find the boundaries that emerge in spite of the word "uncensored". So if you say you don't mean it which, in all honesty, we don't; how could we anticipate that a fake Holocaust fantasy would be taken seriously when a personal ad from a zombie wouldn't be? then in a way, aren't you completely undermining what you have done? On one hand, congrats, it's official, you did push the boundaries, mission accomplished. On the other hand, we really aren't the "I don't give a damn what you think" kind of person, and here's someone who came to your room to tell you that you offended them personally.

What to do? Put on a facade that you don't care and keep publishing them? You've already got one up, having written them. But some people don't know it's fake, which was unexpected. Or you could be your honest, true self, who sobbed your heart out when watching "Schindler's List" and loves babies and little kids and wants to do everything to shield them from the hurt in life that they will inevitable be exposed to. So what now? Lie in bed, writing about it, hoping a compromise will come up with that works, and be torn up about whether to take it personally or not. And you will take it personally, of course you will, because it's impossible to ignore a conversation like that, especially when someone goes out of his or her way to hunt you down.

Experimental satirist ISO a good compromise.

Love always,

Victoria

Personals - Edited by Victoria Quine

Are You Smoking Hot?

How about just plain smoking? Meet me for a quickie in the Merril Gazebo. If it's good we can set up something regular #028631

Stiff for Stiffs

Are you dead? Have you been for more than three days? Tall, slender, socially awkward M seeks sensual fun with a beautiful corpse. Rotting a plus, my morgue or yours. Preference for bodies with at least two limbs still attached, but I'll respond to all calls and obituaries. ENRIQUE: I LOST YOUR NUMBER!!! #987241

Submit.

OS ISO articles and sex. Spends so much time making shit up I don't have any time to invest in getting laid. If you have anything anything at all that could POSSIBLY be in the *Omen*, give it to me and I'll give you the best sex of your life. Don't call me, I'll find you after you submit. #980123

Old Fashioned Gentleman

SWM ISO clean WF for sexual intercourse. I would like to put my erected penis into your lubricated vagina, where I will remove and



OTK	Over the Knee
OS	Omen Staff
P	Professional
S	Single
SM	Sadism/Masochism
SDH	Sense of Humor
TS	Transsexual
TV	Transvestite
W	White

Dr. Bernstein confirmed that it is possible for an individual who suffered a death of NGS to come back from the dead occasionally and eat their professor's brains. "Luckily for us," Dr. Bernstein said, "they usually poop funnel cakes. So that means the more brains they eat, the more delicious funnel cakes for us."



I COULD NEVER GET THE HANG OF THURSDAYS

[A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams*]

Greetings, all seven readers who remain in my fanbase. It appears that the time of academic crunch is upon the community. Everywhere you go, bleary-eyed college students are ordering extra large cups of coffee while babbling inanely about the large amount of work that awaits them back in their respective places of residence. I believe I am one of the only ones actually enjoying this time of year, and I shall tell you why; With all of the attention focused on getting work accomplished by a particular deadline, the pressure is off of me to write something actually worthwhile and insightful, as no one will have the time to read it anyway.

So this weeks column will be a bit shorter than most, as I am going to devote it to my lack of knowledge of a particularly lovely often forgotten about state in the United States of America. This, my friends, is the state of Idaho, of which I know alarmingly little (apart from something about potatoes, as they are mentioned by anyone within a five meter radius of the speaker as soon as Idaho is mentioned). And so, being as I do not have time before my deadline to actually do any research whatsoever on this state, I have decided to create my own facts about it, comfortable in the knowledge that the odds of this being read by anyone are slim to none.

And so, without further ado,

Idaho, At A Glance

(Would look nothing like this)

- 1.) Idaho was founded in 1823 by a large coalition of liberal farmers who's multiple sexual partners were not recognized by other states of legitimate next-of-kin. Little is known about the origins of the states' name but it has been hypothesized that it was funnier at the time.
- 2.) Today, Idaho does, in fact, more potatoes than people. Idaho is the largest supplier of this country's potato crop for that reason, and even despite this, there are many tourist attractions linked to the potato, including four historical museums and a theme park called "Spud World". At night the theme park does feature an all male nude review called "Stud World", and tickets for the review sell out five out of seven nights a week.
- 3.) Idaho's state bird is the pheasant. Idaho's state tree is the milk crate.
- 4.) In Idaho, gambling and prostitution are not only legal, they're mandatory.
- 5.) All men under thirty living with 40 miles of Idaho's state capital (Tallahassee) are required to get their hair cut ever 8th Sunday. Because of this, Idaho has some of the best

hairstyling schools in the country.

- 6.) The Rolling Stones are officially banned from the state because of a non-disclosed incident involving Mick Jagger, a cow, three bowls of oatmeal and a transvestite.

...I can't keep this up. I hope, for your own sakes, that you have better things to do than to read this article. And for my seven fans out there, I do apologize for this utter lack of creative column this week. I seem to have simply run out of ideas. It isn't easy, writing a column week in and week out, when you have nothing to say. It goes without saying that I welcome any idea that anyone cares to pass to me.

So I'll be back in two weeks, hopefully with a slightly less cop-out of a column.

**The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakov. All hate mail and angry comments about this pathetic excuse for a column may be directed to her. Special thanks to the Saturday Brunch Core for their assistance in writing this column.*

[by Rachel Rakov]

